

The Spanking Wench
By Yu May and Jezebeth Noir

Chapter 3:
Full Video: A Traditional Halfing Roasting Ceremony!
By John Wilkes

The laughter rang in Wilkes' ears as he stooped back to his corner. Before he had time to either sulk or congratulate himself, something pinched his arm and he started. He'd completely forgotten about the cloaked woman, hidden in the shadows. She clutched her hood tight around her face with one hand, but he could just make out her eyes. They sparkled with a sort of teasing mischief. "Not bad, Mister Blogger, considering it was your first time delivering a spanking."

Wilkes' ears burned. "I'd say I did famously, all things considered."

The woman's eyes crinkled, revealing her hidden smile. "Meaning it was your first time."

Wilkes dug his fingers into the fabric of his sleeves. It was much easier to handle a sarcastic woman's teasing when he could answer her with a sharp slap across her behind whenever he wanted. "Well, what of it? I'd say I put that wench in her place."

The secretive woman relaxed her grip on her hood slightly, then gestured toward the mosaic altar. "Did you now?"

Wilkes turned his head, and noticed the wench was now making faces at the congregation, behind Lady Mother Bridget's back. When the audience didn't stop giggling, Bridget scowled and looked over her shoulder, only to find the wench lying obediently in place. The moment Bridget turned back to continue leading her congregation in a prayer to their Goddess, the wench immediately began pulling faces again, each more absurd than the last.

"Enough of that!" growled Mr. Sandiman, stomping forward from his place in the congregation. He brushed past a shocked Priestess and gave the wench a single, reverberating spank, aiming his hand at an upward angle with such force, it lifted her hips a few inches up and off the saddle of the bench. The wench squealed, then bounced roughly back into place.

Priestess Bridget looked flattered, as though the handyman had just done her a chivalrous, knightly service. "Why, thank you, brother Sandiman! Really, you have a knack for putting the wench in her place. You could be a temple guard."

Looking bashful, Sandiman shuffled back to his place with the other halfing church-goers. "Oh? T'weren't nothing!"

Wilkes felt his ego deflate like a leaky balloon. “That wench is still begging for more? After how hard I hit her?”

The cloaked woman patted the back of his shoulder softly. “There, there, it’s just that spanking wenches are all accustomed to being beaten regularly. Those really were good, firm spansks you gave her. If you had another few hours to give her a proper drubbing, you might even have gotten a few tears.”

Wilkes strained his eyes, trying to get a better look beneath the woman’s hood. “Hold on, you’re not a halfling. But you talk like you’re familiar with spanking wenches. Are you a blogger? You’re trying to scoop me!”

The cloaked woman shook her head. “Shush! You’ll get us both in trouble!”

Noticing that the elderly Sister Kolhändler was fixing him with a stern scowl, Wilkes shut his mouth. Reflexively, the cloaked woman shielded her bottom with both her hands and gulped, momentarily forgetting to look cool and mysterious.

Lady Mother Bridget finished her prayer and gestured to the congregation. “Come now, don’t be shy...Who’s next?”

“Ooo! Me, me, me!” squeaked the little halfling girl, raising her hand and bouncing up and down on her seat.

The girl started to make her way forward, before shuffling her feet, shyly, as she reached the spotlight.

“Aaawww!” cooed a young, buxom halfling woman standing across the aisle.

Finally, the girl’s mother patted the seat of her skirt to encourage her to hurry along, and the girl skipped to the front of the sanctuary. Now that the girl was in the spotlight, Wilkes noticed she was wearing a rich dark-blue dress with a white apron. She tugged at the hem, fidgeting. “I want to ask the Goddess to please help me with—”

The girl’s mother tried to whisper instructions to her daughter, but the whisper was loud enough for everyone to hear anyway. “No, Kornblume! Spank the wench first!”

The girl, Kornblume, slapped her hand against her mouth, probably a little harder than she meant to, and sent her thick glasses askew.

Hooting, Lady Mother Bridget waved her hand. “Ah, to be young! Not to worry, young lady. This is your first time appealing to the goddess, isn’t it?”

Kornblume nodded furiously, still holding her mouth shut.

“Well, first you should give the wench a few spanks, and speak to the goddess from your heart.”

The girl lowered her hand from her mouth. “And tell her my best jokes?”

Bridget nodded. “You’re welcome to try. She’s probably heard them all before, but if you speak from the heart, I know she will be pleased with you. But don’t tell her your request until I tell you. Otherwise, it’s like spoiling the surprise! Now, would you like something to use on the wench’s bottom?”

Kornblume nodded, then fumbled through a pocket sewed to the front of her apron. “I’ve got something!”

The audience snickered as the girl held aloft a pink jump rope.

Wilkes heard the woman next to him mutter, “My, my...how devious!”

The wench twisted her head from side to side. “What? What is it?”

But Kornblume was standing in the wench’s blind spot: right in front of the wooden horse’s hindquarters.

Enjoying the attention, the little girl unwound her jump rope and started to skip in place, singing a nursery rhyme. The wench stiffened as she heard the soft snapping sounds as the rope slapped against the concrete floor:

“Red Missy was an elf maid,
She named herself the queen.
She strutted through the forest,
To show she was supreme!”

With a final skip, the girl spun the rope over her head in a well practiced motion and whipped it across the dark elf’s behind with a crack. The wench hooted in surprise, but as she heard the laughter of the audience picked up, she grit her teeth. Smiling sweetly, the halfling girl continued her rhyme, punctuating each stanza with another lash of the jump rope.

“She boasted to the creatures,
She’d rule both land and sea,
But met a humble halfling,
As brave as brave could be.”

Another snap of the jump rope, but the wench only hissed.

“He watched her sneer and smirk,

As she pranced about with pride,
He knew her reign was fleeting,
He'd teach her to be snide."

As she felt the third lash of the jump rope, the wench stayed perfectly silent.

"Red Missy called her wizards,
Red Missy called her knights,
Red Missy called the dragons,
All rarin' for a fight."

When the girl landed the fourth lash of the rope, leaving a horizontal weal in a thin, red line, the wench snarled, and let out a groan.

"In came the wizards chanting,
In came the knights with swords,
In came the mighty dragons,
To heed their queen's accords."

The wench hooted like an owl when she felt the rope whip across her for the fifth time, before planting her feet firmly on the stone floor in a show of defiance. Unfortunately, because the wench's wrists were still secured in place, this meant she was only able to thrust her buttocks up higher into the air, which somewhat undermined her attempt to look cool.

"But our hero had a plan,
He waited for his chance,
He snuck up close behind her,
With a swift and sprightly dance."

After the sixth lash from the jump rope, the wench's legs stiffened and trembled.

"The Missy got a spanking,
Across the halfling's knee,
The Missy's pride was humbled,
For all her slaves to see."

Whether deliberately or no, the girl aimed the seventh stroke with her jump rope low, across the wench's thighs. In response, the wench only scoffed. Not discouraged, the halfling girl skipped in a circle, before switching her grip on the jump rope and spiraling it over her head.

"'Don't spank me!' wailed the Missy,
'Not on the bare!' she cried!
But they both knew she'd earned it,
And so, he tanned her hide!"

The halfling girl aimed the eighth stroke more carefully, so that it left a perfect, horizontal line across the center of the wench's bottom. This time, the wench managed to disguise her howl as a hum.

"Red Missy lost her kingdom,
Red Missy lost her claim,
So she was made a spanking wench,
A bright red bum, her shame."

The folded, tail-end of the rope whipped against the wench's bottom again for the ninth and final time, leaving a diagonal red welt in the shape of a loop, on top of all the previous marks. The wench arched her back and howled, like a werewolf at the sight of a full moon.

The audience clapped politely, and laughed warmly, as the girl folded up her rope and adjusted her glasses. "Say, spanking wench? Wanna' hear a funny story?"

The wench took a pained breath, before snapping back, sarcastically. "If you know one, I'd die to hear it!"

The girl scrunched her face, then continued to tell her story, her voice clipped. It was clear she had practiced this until she had it completely memorized. "Once upon a time, I went to talk to my daddy in his study. 'Daddy,' I said, 'Would you ever spank me for something I *didn't* do?'"

Her father tried to mouth something silently, urging her to read his lips. "No, no, Kornblume! Don't use the past tense! It's funnier when you use the present tense! Tell the story like it's happening right now!"

Kornblume scratched her head. "But, Daddy, this story didn't happen at all?"

The congregation snickered, and as his wife elbowed him in the ribs, Kornblume's father cleared his throat, struggling to remember his line. "Ouch! Um...what is it, Pumpkin?"

Kornblume pouted, looking stern. "Daddy! Would you ever spank me for something I *didn't* do?"

"Of course not, dear!"

The little halfling girl put her hands on her hips, looking skeptical. "Are you *sure*? Do you promise?"

With a nervous glance at his wife, the girl's father raised his hand, and replied stiffly. "Uh, sure. Daddy promises to never, ever spank you for something you didn't do."

Kornblumel beamed, then pretended to wipe sweat from her brow, like a ham actress. “What a relief! In that case, my teacher sent me home with a note. I *didn’t* do any of my homework this week!”

The girl’s mother forced a laugh, slapping her knee, but the congregation didn’t join in.

Wilkes cringed as he realized the girl’s story was really a badly-delivered attempt at a joke.

The cloaked woman next to him shook her head slightly. “Not very original,” she whispered.

Wilkes glanced at his drone to check his recording. “Why is she wasting time telling bad jokes? Shouldn’t she be offering a prayer, or homily, or something?”

The shady woman sighed. “You still don’t get it, do you?”

“Of course I get the joke, I just don’t see the point of—”

The woman silenced Wilkes by flicking a single finger of her delicate, gloved hands against his lips.

The silence dragged on painfully, and a cricket chirped. Kornblume looked from the wench’s bottom to her parents, wondering why no one was laughing. “Did I do it wrong, Lady Mother Bridget? Should I try it again?”

Finally, the wench blew a raspberry. “Well, I didn’t expect anything, and you didn’t disappoint!”

Bridget clapped the wench’s bottom, almost absent-mindedly, before turning her attention to the confused halfling girl. “Well, if at first you don’t succeed, try, try, again, but not when it’s a joke that falls flat. You see dear, the point of the joke is to make fun of the spanking wench in particular, not so much the idea of spanking in general. You were closer to the mark with your creative jump rope routine. Why not tell another story? Here’s a tip, try giving the wench a good spank anytime you need to pause for effect, especially when you get to the punchline.”

Finally, Wilkes put two and two together. The spot light, the atmosphere, the audience’s reactions. This wasn’t like any traditional religious service he’d ever seen: it was more like a roasting ceremony at an insult-comedy club. The Lady of Laughter loved humor, and the temple wench was supposed to be the “butt” of the joke.

The girl examined the wench’s bottom pensively. “What if I try asking the spanking wench questions, like the big, silly man did?”

Bridget nodded. “That could work! Nothing like improvisational humor. Just remember: your job is to be as mean and nasty as possible to the silly wench! Why not try the birches next? They’re so traditional! Would you like a stool to help you reach the wench’s bottom?”

Kornblume beamed as she accepted the birches. "Thank you, for the birches! But, no, thank you, for the stool. I want to try sitting on the horse! Mr. Big Man, would you give me a lift?"

The girl grasped the hem of the cloth that covered the wench's backside and, with a casual flick of her wrist, flipped it up over the wench's backside. Now, only a thin, nylon cord preserved the wench's modesty.

Several members of the audience nodded approvingly at this suggestion. Wilkes realized that the girl, who wasn't even 2 feet tall, had no hope of reaching the wench's backside without some help. "Aren't you—ya' know—afraid you'll fall off, if she...bucks?"

The girl rolled her eyes and flashed a buck-toothed smile, revealing her orthodontic braces. "She can't buck me off, silly. She's only a wooden horse, after all!"

The halflings all tittered at that.

Still stooping, Wilkes stumbled out of his corner to scoop the halfling girl up and set her in side-saddle position on top of the wench's lower back. The girl casually spun to straddle the dark elf's waist and face her upturned bottom. As the girl raised the birches high above her target, Wilkes noticed that the dark elf's backside was about twice the width of the halfling girl's entire body.

Grinning mischievously, Kornblume patted the dark elf's upturned bottom with her free hand, clearly eager to deliver the first stroke of the birches. "Miss Spanking-Elf, I need you to be a good girl and hold still while I give you your spankin's. Can you try not to wiggle too much?"

The spanking wench let the moment hang. "Don't worry, brat. You can't spank me hard enough to make me squirm."

Kornblume's only answer was to bring down the birch bundle, landing a vertical, downward stroke across the wench's left butt cheek. The wench bent her knees and kicked her feet once, but resisted the urge to lift herself up off the horse.

Kornblume began to practice the correct motion, playfully patting the birches against each of the wench's cheeks, more to warm up her arm than the wench's bottom. "It's impolite to call people names, Miss Wench. Please call me: 'Miss Kornblume.'"

Kornblume landed a diagonal blow across the wench's right butt cheek. The wench flexed and unflexed her toes. "Yes, Miss Kornblume."

Wilkes heard the shadowy woman click her tongue as they watched Kornblume deliver three more lashes with the burch, using all her limited strength. "Tch. Not the best position. She really can't aim for the sit spots from that angle. Still, gotta' give her points for originality."

Sticking out her tongue to help her concentrate, Kornblume deftly caught herself as the wench wriggled beneath her, like a proper cowgirl, and delivered a fourth spank. "So fussy! Now, Miss Wench, when you were a little elf girl, did you ever get spanked for being lazy in school?"

The wench trembled as she held her legs firmly in place against the ground, then sighed. "Yes and no. Not what you'd call a spanking. Back then, it was more like a whipping, until we bled, or we might be burned with hot irons, or pricked with needles, or made to sit on a bed of nails."

Kornblume's eyes went wide at this news. "...Oh? Well, served you right. And did you learn to be a good girl, and work hard in school?"

The wench shook her head, abruptly. "Not what you'd call 'good.' But I learned to be...diligent...determined...dedicated to my studies."

At her parent's urging, Kornblume hastily gave the wench another spank to get her attention. "And, when you were my age, what did you want to be, when you grew up?"

The wench finally relaxed her legs. "What I wanted didn't matter. It was my duty to serve my clan. To destroy those who opposed us. To become a great leader in the world."

Kornblume grinned. "Well, then why are you here, right now? Getting spanked by little ole' me?"

"Oh? Were you spanking me? I thought you were trying to tickle me."

The elderly Sister Kolhändler snorted in answer. Belatedly, Kornblume hunched her shoulders as she finally realized she was being mocked. Then she landed two spanks with the birches. "Did that tickle, wench?"

The wench grimaced, but didn't give any other hint of discomfort. "Maybe a little."

Kornblume dealt out three more swats, each bouncing off the dark elf's behind. "Try again. Answer, 'Yes, Miss Kornblume,' or 'No, Miss Kornblume.' Did that tickle, wench?"

"Yes, Miss Kornblume."

Kornblume gave the wench six more strokes with the birch bundle. The wench's hips bounced up and down slightly, but not enough to risk sending the halfling girl flying. "Woah! Hold still! ...How about now? Did that feel like a tickle?"

"No, Miss Kornblume."

Pleased with herself, Kornblume crossed her arms. "Does your bottom hurt, elf? Does it *smart*? Be honest!"

Seemingly defeated, the wench answered respectfully, only to twist her neck and flash a defiant smirk. “Yes, Miss Kornblume...but to be honest, *only a little*.”

As Sister Kolhändler guffawed loudly, Kornblume hung her head, twiddling her fingers. “Oh? I’m sorry, Miss Spanking Wench...I practiced for this by spanking my pillow. But I guess I’m still not strong enough to do it right.”

The wench sighed, then turned to look over her shoulder to look the halfling girl in the eyes, her voice genuine, all traces of sass gone. “Look, kid, you’ll have to spank me *much* harder if you want to honor the Lady properly. And if you were trying to set me up for some kind of scripted word play on the word ‘Smart,’ you can’t expect me to respond to all your gags perfectly, like a knock knock joke. Frankly, you were doing better with the jump rope bit. Now, if you want to—”

Bridget interrupted the wench by snapping her staff across her backside. “Enough of that, wench! It’s my job to shepherd the fold, not yours.”

The wench whistled with discomfort, rocking back and forth uncomfortably on the bench, before holding her tongue. Satisfied that the wench would think twice before interrupting, Bridget turned her attention to young Kornblume. “Now, if you want to stick with this reverse cowgirl routine, you’ll need to really make her buck and rear, like a bronco. Grab a hold of the cord of her loin cloth, so you can—”

Instinctively, Kornblume grasped the nylon cord that connected the wench’s fundoshi-like undergarments and twisted it in her fist. “Like this?”

The wench was forced to lift her bottom upwards, her inner legs grazing the splintered wood on either side of the weathered bench.

Bridget beamed. “Yes, Miss Kornblume! Like that!”

Kornblume giggled “Wow! Thank you, Lady Mother! And thank you, Miss Wench. You’ve been a big help!”

Feeling a headache coming on, Bridget rubbed the bridge of her nose. “You really don’t need to be so polite to the wench, Kornblume, dear. She’s only a—”

But before Bridget could explain the Halfling church’s position on the inferior and subservient nature of elven wenches, Kornblume delivered the next spank with renewed enthusiasm.

This time, the wench squeaked, and hopped in place. Even with her firm grip, Kornblume had to concentrate to keep herself from getting thrown off the wench’s back. The audience tittered at the sight as the wench bounced in place. “Ow! You’re welcome, Miss Kornblume!”

As the wench thanked Kornblume, she stared Lady Mother Bridget right in the eyes. The Priestess gripped her staff, and made a mental note. Sooner or later, she would have to address the wench's sinful, prideful streak. But for now, Bridget decided to let the halfling child have her fun. After all, the Halfling Temple needed to welcome all the youngsters they could get, if they wanted to survive another generation.

Focused on the dark elven bottom before her, Kornblume barked as if there had been no interruption to her previous lecture, and landed another spank. "And another thing, wench, you didn't answer my question. If you were such a good student as a little elf girl, why are you *still* getting spanked like a naughty little elf girl right now?"

Now that Kolmblume was not holding back, the wench had to make a conscious effort to hold in place and suppress her shouts. "Oof! I was an *excellent* student! I was special!"

Wilkes felt a puff of air, and turned to see the cloaked woman glowering as she witnessed the proceedings. He caught a brief glimpse of her lips as she huffed, before clutching her hood even tighter against her face. "Hmph! Typical," whispered the woman.

Oblivious of her audience, Kornblume carried on spanking the wench merrily. "Oh, please! If you were so special back then, you wouldn't be a spanking wench now. Don't try to tell me, as a little girl, you always dreamed of growing up to get your butt spanked every day!"

"Ouch! No, but—Yow!"

Kornblume began spanking at a steadier pace, not bothering to wait until the end of a question to deliver the next blow. The wench's hips rocked back and forth with each stinging stroke, and Kornblume gradually discovered how to keep her place without breaking the rhythm.

"Of course not! Everyone knows that spankings are only for very bad little children, or for silly elves like you. If only you were a good student, and did your homework, you could have been something other than a spanking wench. Anything! Just admit that you were lazy, or a complete dunce as a student. Tell the truth!"

The wench finally began to struggle in earnest, her legs kicking freely. "Oh! Yee-ouch! It's not a lie! I worked hard as a student! I was a powerful, independent business woman! That's the truth!"

As the laughter in the sanctuary started to build, Kornblume barely avoided being "unsaddled" as her face smacked against the wench's bucking lower back. The halfling girl quickly fixed her glasses, which had gone askew, before renewing her efforts to birch the flailing elf into submission. "That doesn't make sense! I'm working hard at school so I can get a good career in business administration! That's my dream! You're telling me you had all that and you just...gave it up?"

The spanking horse seemed to come alive as the wench flailed violently back and forth atop it, nearly tipping them all over. "Ow! Yes, yes... Oh-ho! Yes, Miss Kornblum! Hoo-wee! I really—hoo—I really did have that life, and—Woah!... Ow, ow, ow... And I gave it all up!"

Bouncing up and down along with the bucking dark elf, Kornblume timed her next spansks perfectly, letting the birches connect at the precise moment the wench thrust her hips upward to meet them. "Then why am I working so hard in school, if I could just be happy as a spanking wench?"

As the wench flopped back down onto the splintering bench, she felt two tears forming in her eyes, and fought to hold them back. "Because you *couldn't* be happy as a spanking wench! ...Because it's not *your* dream!"

Kornblume paused the spanking, "Oh... That makes sense."

Then she brought the last stroke of the birch bundle down, smartly. "Say, Miss Wench, one day I want to be a successful business woman, but I also want to be a mommy one day too. Do you think you'll still be a spanking wench, right here at this temple, when I'm all grown up?"

The wench pressed her cheeks against the neck of the wooden horse, ignoring the splinters in a desperate bid to wipe away the two tears. Of course, she hadn't expected any grand honors or titles when she first applied to be a spanking wench. But she had always believed that she would, of course, be accepted to service at the High Priestess' temple. "...Yes, Miss Kornblume... *probably*..."

Kornblume tucked the birch bundle under her armpit and patted the dark elf's bottom, playfully. "In that case, Miss Wench, no matter how high I climb the corporate ladder, I promise to come back from time to time to visit you in this temple! Maybe one day, my children will be able to spank you! Or even my grandchildren! Wouldn't that be funny? Will you promise to be here?"

The wench nodded and whimpered as she felt the love-taps. On the one hand, nothing sounded more wonderful than getting to watch this child grow up, marry, and raise her own children. For a dark elf, watching generation after generation of the lesser races come and go was like watching the passing of the seasons in the elder days, before the industrial revolution eliminated most of the natural world. In the wench's eyes, the halfling's brief lives had a romantic, almost poetic quality.

On the other hand, the wench felt the humiliation of knowing that after all that time, she would still likely be trapped in this backwater temple. If the last aging halfling church members finally died out, the wench was more likely to be shipped off to another dying temple than "promoted" to a position in the High Priestess' temple. And even if she was permitted to serve there, who cared? Even then, she would still be nothing but a nameless temple wench.

"I'm sorry, Miss Kornblume. I can't promise anything. We none of us know what the future holds."

Kornblume was not quite sure she understood, but nodded anyway and began to climb off the bench, using the wench's undergarments as an anchor point to hold her weight. "Oh? Well, I'll pray to the Lady that you're still here! Thank you for teaching me how to do a better job spanking you, Miss Super Special Boss Lady."

To the wench's surprise, Kornblume circled to the front of the bench and gave her a quick peck on the cheek, then winked as she examined her more closely. The wench knew that the two tears must have made her mascara run slightly. The wench felt a warm glow, as if she suddenly knew why she had entered into service for the halfling temple. Finally, she was helping the next generation of halflings grow closer to their deity! "Aw? Your welcome, Miss Kornbl—"

Then Kornblume surprised the wench with a resounding spank across her buttocks with the birch bundle. The wench roared, and the congregation erupted with laughter.

Tittering at the sight of the wench's flailing legs, Kornblume smacked the birches against the palm of her hand and announced boldly, "And when it's time for my children and grandchildren to spank a naughty, nasty old elf lady's big, fat booty, I want you to be their very first spanking wench!"

Hissing with fury, the wench clenched and unclenched her fists and the toes of her feet. She would have clenched her butt cheeks too, but the absurd bench made that almost impossible by forcing her to spread her legs wide. In an instant, her hope to endure the tiny child's spanking without screaming had been shattered. She couldn't even take a licking from a girl less than a third her size. "*I hate being a spanking wench,*" she thought, darkly.

"Here here!" cheered Mr. Sandiman, and even the dour Sister Kolhändler joined the polite applause.

Lady Mother Bridget held up her hands for silence. "Thank you, Sister Kornblume. That was a lovely offering! In you, the Lady is well pleased!"

Kornblume narrowed her eyes and cocked her head. "Huh? But I forgot all my best lines from my *Big Book of Spanking Jokes!*"

Touched by the child's innocence, Bridget waved a hand. "I'd say you did better without it. You were very polite to the wench. Perhaps a bit *too* polite. Remember, a spanking wench isn't quite a person like you, nor your mommy, nor your daddy. Tell me, dear, do you have any dollies at home? Have you ever played house and pretended to spank one of your dolls, as if you were the mommy?"

Kornblume nodded. "Yeah, I've got all the Plastique High Glam Girl dolls! They're real brats. I spank 'em all the time!"

"Well, in the future, you can pretend that this spanking wench is like one of your toys. Her bottom is always here for you to spank, and spank, and spank, anytime you want to talk to the Goddess. Now, what would you ask of the Lady, my child?"

Kornblume smiled so widely, she revealed every one of her metal-mouthed teeth. "That's easy! I want her help on my exams tomorrow!"

Bridget pretended to wave her finger, in mock lecturing. "Oh? You *have* studied for your exams, I assume?"

The girl's eyes popped open wide at this question, and looked to her parents for answers.

"Of course she did, Lady Mother! What, do you think I raised a slacker?" barked Kornblume's mother.

Quickly, Kornblume nodded and snapped her attention back to the priestess. "Yeah! What she said! I am totally prepared for my exams!" The truth was, Kornblume had spent most of the past few weeks playing office worker simulator games online, and was banking on a little last minute divine intervention for her classes.

Oblivious to Kornblume's distress, Lady Mother Bridget raised her arms importantly, back in preaching mode. "Very good! For although the Lady promises good fortune to her faithful halfings, we must remember the Proverb: The Wise Fellow, Maketh His Own Luck....Or 'Maketh *Her* Own Luck,' in your case, Miss Kornblume. Thank you, dear. Back to your mummy you go!"

Kornblume nodded and trotted back to her parents, subconsciously holding her hands behind her back as she remembered her mother's threat to spank her till her backside looked like the red-bottomed missy's if she skived on her homework.

Climbing up onto her Mother's lap, she rocked her head back and looked up sweetly. "Mommy, do you think I'll get to spank that silly elf girl in heaven?"

Kornblume's mother cooed, enjoying the murmurs and giggles of approval from the surrounding church-goers, before playfully swatting her daughter's rump to warn her to sit still. "Only if you are a good little girl, and only if she's a good little spanking wench, dear. But yes, I hope so! Now, shush!"

Kornblume giggled before she felt the light love-tap, then quickly settled into her mother's lap, not wanting her bottom to be a target at the moment, given that she hadn't studied at all for tomorrow's exams. But Kornblume decided not to worry about tomorrow too much. After all, that was future-Kornblume's problem!

Clearing her throat, Lady Mother Bridget began to intone solemnly, "Thank you, Sister Kornblume. Now, who—"

But before the Priestess could repeat her altar-call, the stern, stolid Sister Kolhändler stepped forward, tucking her umbrella under her arm, before cracking her knuckles. "Me! I'm next! I've been petitioning the Goddess, daily, all week."

The old woman continued to mutter, loud enough to be heard by everyone, as she marched straight to the front of the sanctuary, without so much as a nod of acknowledgement to the Priestess. "Really, I'm the only one giving that temple wench's arse any sort of proper attention. That's got to count for something with the Lady, sooner or later!"

At the sound of the faithful dowager's husky voice, the spanking wench clutched tight to the spanking horse, ignoring even the splinters digging into her arms, legs, and torso from every angle.

Wilkes felt his knees knocking, partially because standing at such an awkward, hunched angle was causing his feet to fall asleep, but also because he sensed the menace in the old halfling merchant lady's commanding voice.

The cloaked woman next to him raised her eyes, and practically purred with delight. "Oooh, this ought to be good!"

Wilkes strained his eyes, his reporter instincts making him more curious. In the dim light, he could just make out the young woman's soft smile.

Sister Kolhändler clapped the wench quivering hindquarters once, before examining the cane handle of her umbrella. "Mr. Sandiman! Tie down the wench's legs. I don't want her to kick and snap my umbrella. It's an antique!"

"No! Puh-leeze! I won't kick! I can hold still! I'll be *good*!" cried the wench, while kicking her feet and refusing to hold still. As Sandiman caught a hold of the wench's ankle, she panicked and climbed up onto the horse, in a futile attempt to escape.

"Oi! Get your arse down here, girly!" growled Mr. Sandiman, snatching at her other foot.

The wench was nearly standing on the saddle, her restrained wrists forcing her to stick her bottom high in the air. At one point, her toes caught on the trailing loincloth of her fundoshi, causing the fabric to snap up wildly like a rubber band. The halflings howled with laughter at the sight. "No-no-noooh! Not that! Anything but that! The splinters will poke my—"

Finally, the saddle cushion slipped loose under the wench's feet, causing her to lose her balance and flop back down in place on the bench. The fall itself wasn't enough to hurt her, but the jagged splinters were more than sufficient for the task.

Without the limited protection provided by the saddle cushion, the wench felt newly-exposed slivers of wood dug into her groin and inner thighs. "Yee-hee-heep!"

The wench fought ferociously enough to make the wooden horse seem to come alive, bucking and rearing, before Sister Kolhändler slapped her left hand down against the small of the wench's back to hold her in place. A moment later, Kolhändler's right hand slapped down with matching force, smashing into the undercurves of the wench's backside.

"Enough!" Kolhändler bellowed, before continuing to spank the wench at a furiously quick pace. The wench caterwauled musically, in time to the rhythm. It was as if they had a dramatic, cavalry charge overture for musical accompaniment.

Kolhändler did not pause her gentle, loving, corrective measure for a moment as she gave orders. "Sandiman, get this wench's legs restrained, at once!"

Sandiman side-eyed the wench's flailing feet. "Happy to, ma'am, if you'll only hold off spanking the wench for a moment."

"Of course not, she needs some maternal guidance, right now."

Gritting his teeth, Sandiman caught the wench's right leg and used his whole weight to wrestle it into place, before strapping the first leather thong around her twisting right ankle. When the wench felt the splinters press into the fleshy calves and gracilis muscle of her right leg, she kicked her left leg all the harder, and shielded her left buttock with her free left foot. With a snarl, Kolhändler brushed the wench's foot away and carried on spanking. After each reverberating clap, she deftly blocked the wench's kicking foot by bringing her spanking hand up to interfere with the wench's kicks, before bringing her gnarled hand back down.

Sandiman watched this in awe, expecting the imposing Sister Kolhändler to stand aside and allow him to grapple the wench's left leg into place. "Pardon me, Ma'dam, but can't that wait until—" The wench's flailing foot caught Sandiman across the lips, and he stumbled back, snatching her left ankle between both of his hands.

The wrinkles on Sister Kolhändler's pruneish face seemed to double as she pursed her lips, and increased the pace of the spanking even further. "Quickly, Sandiman, while I have the wench's attention!"

Finally, Sandiman fought the wench's left foot down against the bench, his stumbling pleas for pardons drowned out by the sounds of slaps and screams. The moment he secured the leather tong in place, he flopped back with a gasp of relief, then crawled backwards, his chest heaving.

Kolhändler scooped up her antique umbrella. "That's better. Should have had her trussed up proper from the start. Young people these days and their notions on spanking!"

Wilkes craned his neck to get a glimpse at the spanking wench's face, sure she must be at her absolute limit after such a furious hiding. But as the laughter started to die down in the garage, Wilkes saw that she was only smiling, her eyes perfectly dry. "She's still trying to steal the show?" he whispered out loud.

The woman in the shadows snorted. "How astute. That's the kind of incisive observation that makes your blog such entertaining reading material."

The irony was lost on Wilkes. "Why, thank you!"

Kolhändler twisted at the end of her umbrella, and with a "pop" the umbrella detached from the solid shaft and cane handle.

The wench's eyes widened as she spotted the cane, before she hid her nerves behind a cat-like smile. "What's the matter? Your dainty, delicate palm starting to sting?"

Ignoring the chuckles from the audience, Kolhändler lightly pinched the wench's face to force her jaw open. "Not interested in your color commentary."

With that, the elderly halfling pressed the metal runner of the umbrella attachment into the wench's mouth, so that the fabric and ferrule tip of the umbrella faced outwards. Pouting, the wench bit down on the button, as if she had been trained to do this in the past, and with a ruffle of cloth, the umbrella opened in front of the wench's face. The absurd sight was enough to crack up one of the halfling parishioners, and soon the rest of the congregation joined in.

Kolhändler finally smiled, all her sternness seeming to melt away at once as she tested the whipliness of her cane handle, before turning her attention to Lady Mother Bridget. "You see, Bridget, dear, all you have to do is be authoritative. Don't give an uppity spanking wench so much as an inch!"

To illustrate, Kolhändler delivered a sharp blow with her cane across the wench's lower bottom, covering both cheeks. Biting down on the umbrella, the wench seethed and straightened her arms and legs. But with her ankles and wrists bound tight, she could only lift her bottom into the air for a few moments, before collapsing her weight back down onto the wooden horse's back.

Pressing the handle of her cane against her lips to affect a pensive look, Kolhändler paced from one side of the bench to the other, heading to the wench's right side, on "stage left." "You know the drill, wench. When I ask you a question, I expect a polite answer. Of course, with that umbrella in your mouth, we'll have to get creative. Be so kind as to bite down on the button, if you please."

The wench tried to say, "I don't please," but with her mouth full, it sounded more like, "M'aye th'on'th pweev'the!"

Casually, Kolhändler flicked her wrist backwards to catch the wench by surprise, landing the tip of the cane across the wench's right butt cheek. "No backtalk! Push the button on the umbrella once to say 'Yes,' and twice to say, 'No.'"

The wench crossed her eyes and pressed her lips against the button, wondering what the evil old woman was planning for her. The moment she bit down, the umbrella collapsed and snapped shut around her face. Reflexively, the wench shook her head, and felt the umbrella slipping away from her jaws. Guessing that dropping the umbrella would earn her more strokes of the cane, the wench lunged her head forward and snapped at the umbrella before it could fall to the floor. Her teeth caught the button again, and the umbrella popped open, so that she could see again. The wench spluttered with relief, before a fresh stroke of the cane caught her by surprise.

This time, Kolhändler aimed a full stroke across both of the wench's butt cheeks, landing the tip against the left buttock. "No, is it? I expect to hear a 'Yes, Ma'am!' when I give you a direct order. Do you need extra strokes?"

Understanding her predicament, the wench shook her head and bit down twice on the umbrella. It flopped across her face, then back into position. "Moooooh!" the wench wailed, her pride, her face, and her ass all stinging as she heard the chuckling audience behind her. She knew how ridiculous she must look at the moment.

Kolhändler tapped her cane against her shoulder as she marched back to her original spot on the wench's left side. "No extra strokes, you say? In that case, are you going to obey?"

Steeling herself, the wench nodded and pressed the button once to signal, "Yes," and let the umbrella slap closed against her face. "M'yeth!"

Mercilessly, the old lady swung the cane down, this time letting the tip catch the wench's left buttock. "...Yes, *ma'am!*"

Her comedic timing was perfect. As the older members of the audience realized what a pickle the wench was in, their giggles grew to great guffaws.

The wench concentrated long enough to press the button once and mumble, "M'yep'th, Ma'mb'fht!"

The stern-faced old lady slammed the cane across both the wench's cheeks. "Enunciate!"

As the howls of laughter subsided, the wench hung her head, fighting for breath, and felt a spittle of drool dripping down the umbrella handle. With an effort, she pressed the button, let the umbrella close shut on her face yet again, and pronounced as clearly as she could, “Yeeeeeth...Mmm’aaahmmm...”

Kolhändler hummed, before tapping the cane playfully against her victim’s rump. “Close enough!”

That earned fresh chuckles from the halfling congregants.

Kolhändler began to march in a circle around the wench, momentarily pausing the caning. “Now, I understand you were a CEO. I’m curious, did you ever have a personal secretary?”

The wench wench caught a glimpse of the implement of her torture out of the corner of her eye. The cane handle was short for a human, but the perfect size for a halfling to use as a walking stick. The wooden shaft was far thicker than a traditional rattan cane for corporal punishment, and would surely leave black and blue bruises on the wench’s already blue-black behind. The wench pressed the button once to free her face, and answered, “Yeeth’, ma’am’t!”

“And did you ever...spank your secretaries, when they made mistakes?”

The wench wanted to sigh, but couldn’t without dropping the umbrella. Over the past few weeks, Kolhändler had been visiting the temple daily to flog the wench and appeal to the goddess. During that time, Kolhändler had practiced a variety of questions and gags, clearly preparing material. The wench had answered this same question before.

The wench let the umbrella flop shut. “Yeeth’, ma’am’t!”

The audience cooed with surprise, and Kolhändler raised an eyebrow performatively. “I see? And did you *enjoy* spanking your secretaries?”

The wench’s umbrella popped open. “Yeeth’, ma’am’t!”

“Of course you did. And, while you were a free elf, did you enjoy *being* spanked?”

The wench hunched her shoulders, before pressing the button to close the umbrella again. She hadn’t heard this one before. “Yeeth’, ma’am’t!”

Kolhändler finished circling halfway around the wench, stopping at the wench’s right side, and aimed the cane high. “And are you enjoying being caned right now?”

The wench felt the tension in the room, and knew she was trapped. If she said yes, she would be mocked for being a masochist. If she said no, she would be mocked for being reduced to her current state of degradation. She wasn’t even sure if she knew the answer anymore.

Fuming, the wench snapped the umbrella open, and turned her head. If she didn't have the umbrella in her mouth, she could have attempted a smug sneer, just to show how unconcerned she was. The wench could only hope the nasty old lady could see the defiance in her eyes. "Yeeth', ma'am'th!"

Instantly, the old lady struck the wench's right butt cheek with the cane, then slowly, methodically, began to cane the wench at a steady pace, aiming every stroke so that only the right half of the wench's bottom was covered in fresh lines of cane marks. After three strokes, the wench began to squirm, accidentally biting down on the button, so that the umbrella collapsed, the metal tips digging into her head and face from all sides.

It was maddening! After every stroke, she expected one to match on her left cheek, only for her right buttock to take more and more punishment, the earlier stinginess from the birching and hand spanking slowly being replaced by a deep, throbbing ache built. After 12 strokes, her right buttock began to go numb.

Finally, Sister Kolhändler paused and rested her walking stick. "Well, you know what they say: 'Find a job you love, you'll never work a day in your life!' And how about now? Still having a grand, old time, being spanked?"

The wench dug her fingernails into the palms of her hands, and pressed the button to open the umbrella. "Yeeth', ma'am'th!"

"Goodness! Aren't you a lucky wench? This job must be a dream come true for you. Well, in that case, I have a little treat for you..."

Sister Kolhändler gave the wench an additional 6 strokes, again aiming them at only the wench's right cheek. "How about now? Still enjoying your spanking?"

Based on the prickling sensation in her left butt cheek, in contrast to the numbness of her right butt cheek, wench had the distinct impression her left cheek was feeling left out. The wench felt her nose clogging, and knew that tears would soon follow, despite her resolve. She knew she was trapped, and the only potential way out was the truth. "Nuuuh, ma'am'th!"

Finally, the cane cracked across both of the wench's butt cheeks, and the wench's relatively less punished left buttock felt it like a fresh blow. Sister Kolhändler clicked her tongue. "Tut, tut, it looks like rain. Don't forget your umbrella!"

Feeling two tears budding, the wench bit down twice to close and open the umbrella in quick succession to repeat her answer. "Nuh-uh, ma'am'th!"

Sister Kolhändler patted the wench's tender right buttock and rubbed it, almost soothingly, before moving back to the wench's left side. "Oh, dear, not having fun, anymore? Being a temple wench not as glamorous and exciting a career as you expected it to be?"

Hoping that this meant her right butt cheek was out of the frying pan, and only her left butt cheek was headed toward the fire, the wench answered no, remembering to use both the umbrella and her words this time. "Noooh, ma'am'th!"

Sister Kolhändler raised the cane high above the wench's left cheek. "Well, you know what they say..."

She swung the cane, but not across the wench's left buttock alone, as everyone expected. Instead, the cane lanced full across the wench's bottom, leaving a deep, glistening welt. The wench's right butt cheek had already begun to blister from her ordeal.

"Life sucks, and then you die!"

The wench screeched, biting down to stop the umbrella from flying out her mouth, only to have the umbrella snap back shut, which earned a fresh roar of laughter from the audience.

Sister Kolhändler turned over her shoulder to smirk at the Priestess. "See that, Bridget? That's how it's done! Whoever said the definition of 'insanity' is trying the same thing over and over again, expecting different results...never tried spanking a saucy temple wench!" The audience tittered politely, but clearly they enjoyed the slapstick element more than the stand-up comedy aspect of Kolhändler's routine.

With a sigh, Kolhändler shook her head. Sure, pain was funny, when it happened to someone else, but why couldn't she get an audience that appreciated her more sophisticated humor?

As the wench felt two tear drops spill down her cheeks, she let them drip down into the inside of the umbrella, only hoping she could hide them a bit longer, and not be called a crybaby.

She thought about how, at that moment, she wanted to die. But even in death, all she could expect was an eternity of pain and humiliation. There was no escape! Then she felt the umbrella being pulled from her mouth and glanced up.

With a mixed look of both disgust and satisfaction, Sister Kolhändler produced a wet wipe from her pocket and cleaned off the drool, snot, and tears from her umbrella. The wench tensed, waiting for the mockery that would surely come. But Kolhändler only winked, clearly enjoying the fact that only she had noticed the wench's tears so far, thanks to the wench's face being hidden from the audience. Finally, Kolhändler unlatched the leather tongs that restrained the wench's hands "Now, I'm going to ask you a few questions that will require a bit more thought than a simple, 'Yes, ma'am,' or 'No, ma'am.' Not that I expect much resembling a deep thought, given your career choices."

Confused, the wench rubbed her sore wrists and began to sit up. The nasty old lady always preferred to flog the wench while she was completely restrained, believing it to be the most traditional method. This couldn't be a good sign.

Sure enough, with a quick motion, Sister Kolhändler unsnapped the clasp that held up the thin sash that served as the temple wench's bra. As the wench straightened up, she instinctively held the sash to the front of her chest to cover her breasts. She almost dropped it as she felt the welts on her lower sitspots press against the splintered wood of her horse, now unprotected by the meager saddle-shaped cushion.

Kolhändler nodded curtly. "Very good! Keep that sash in place. We have children in the audience, after all!"

The only child in the audience, Sister Kornblume, giggled impishly. "Tee hee! It's like she forgot to fix her swimsuit at the beach!"

Wilkes saw Sister Kolhändler gesture towards him and the cloaked woman in their dimly-lit corner. "I believe some of our guests may not be familiar with *Who Wants to Be a Spanking Wench?* Isn't that right?"

Wilkes nodded furiously, and turned to the woman, expecting her to say something. "Yes! You don't suppose it'd be possible for me to get a copy of the old episodes? I'm sure we'd both love to know more about your catechism process. It sounds simply fascinating, doesn't it?"

But the mysterious woman only tightened her grip on her hood.

Sister Kolhändler cleared her throat to get her audience's attention, then pinched the puppy fat wench's left butt cheek to get her victim's attention. "Wench! Do tell our guests: when you were brought forward as a candidate to join the Way of the Lady, what did you so boldly proclaim to the High Priestess?"

The wench felt the fabric sash flutter as her hands trembled, but with suppressed rage, not fear. "That I was destined to be the greatest temple wench since the time of the Red Mistress."

Kolhändler pursed her lips, and the audience began to snicker again. "Oooh? And how's that working out for you?"

"...After I completed the first round of trials, they sent me...here."

"So basically, they threw your ass-end out here...to the ass-end of the Shire?"

Several of the older members of the audience snorted at the play on words.

It was hard to tell who looked more consternated at the moment, the wench, or Lady Mother Bridget.

Looking confused, Kornblume whispered to her mother, loud enough to be heard by everyone, "What's an 'ass-end'?"

Her mother winked affectionately, while pretending to slap her own rump. "It's another word for 'butt,' but don't repeat it, unless you want your 'butt-end' getting spanked!"

Kornblume beamed. "Ah! Got it! I sure don't want to end up like that spanking wench!"

Everyone chuckled warmly as they overheard this exchange.

Sister Kolhändler tapped her foot, eyeing the priestess. "Well, Lady Mother Füdlewopper?"

Lady Mother Bridget sighed, and held up her hands. "Our Lady of Love, Laughter, and Lashes is...most pleased...with your offering." As the Priestess forced herself to utter the words, she looked like she was struggling with the temptation to become an atheist.

Kolhändler sniffed, as though she never had any doubt. "In that case, I humbly petition the Goddess to protect my wares from thieves, hoodlums, tax collectors, and all other such rodents and forms of pestilence."

Bridget intoned a prayer of gratitude to the Lady, but managed to make it sound more like an imprecatory prayer. "Praise be, for her bounty! Praise be, for her kindness! Thank you, Sister Kolhändler. Next, please!"

The handsome young halfling man, who Wilkes had noticed tripping on Kolhändler's shawl earlier, leapt forward from the throng. "Verily! I have composed a masterpiece! An ode to my muse, which I will offer up to the Lady!"

When he spotted Sister Kolhändler stomping towards him, the young man danced out of her way, like a rabbit before a charging boar.

Bridget waved to summon the young man forward. "Sounds hilarious! Let's hear it!"

In his peripheral vision, Wilkes noticed the cloaked woman drumming her fingers against her crossed arms.

[End of Chapter 3]